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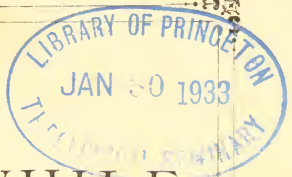
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POEMS

BY MRS. T. D. CREWDSON.





THE
LITTLE WHILE,

AND

Other Poems.

BY

MRS. T. D. CREWDSON,

AUTHOR OF

AUNT JANE'S VERSES FOR CHILDREN," "THE SINGER OF EISENACH,"

"LAYS OF THE REFORMATION," &c.

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PREFACE.



THIS small Volume will be welcomed by many who knew and loved the Author. For such no Preface is needed. The Hymns it contains will be accepted, by them, as pictures of her own inner world—as a running commentary on her chastened, yet happy life ;—they will be recognized as the simple outflowings of her thoughts, in hours of much suffering, and many consolations.

But, beyond the circle of her immediate friends, there are many for whom her sympathies were always ready ;—tried ones—like herself—who, it is believed, will here find refreshment, encouragement, and hope.

The Author's mind was singularly varied ; she was thus qualified to meet the needs of others, and to lead them to the Source and Centre whence

she derived her brightness in shadowy places, her cheerfulness in pain, and her unfailing "joy and peace in believing." It was her delight to minister to their spirit-wants out of her rich sympathies, *when here*. Perhaps she may still be admitted, through the medium of these pages, into fellowship with many a troubled heart ;—and may such, like her, find

REST IN JESUS.



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POEMS.



P O E M S .

THE LITTLE WHILE.

“What is this that He saith, A little while?”—John xvi. 18.

OH for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile !
Oh for the faith to grasp heaven's bright “for ever,”
Amid the shadows of earth's “little while !”

“A little while,” for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong :
“A little while,” to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

“A little while,” to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace, with weary step, through miry ways ;
Then—to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

“A little while,” midst shadow and illusion,
To strive, by faith, love’s mysteries to spell :
Then—read each dark enigma’s bright solution ;
Then—hail sight’s verdict, “He doth all things well.”

“A little while,” the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed ;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking,
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

“A little while,” to keep the oil from failing ;
“A little while,” faith’s flickering lamp to trim ;
And then, the Bridegroom’s coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

And He, who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile ;
With the bright promise of the glad “for ever,”
Will light the shadows of the “little while.”



THE UNCHANGING LOVE.

“ Herein is love.”—1 John iv. 10.

ALAS ! my love hath ebb'd so low,
I scarce can tell if love it be ;
And yet—O wond'rous grace !—I know,
That Christ loves *me*.

I scarcely know if He be mine,
And yet I feel a secret bliss
Which tells me, by a touch divine,
That I am *His*.

I cannot comprehend such love ;
I cannot search its hidden spring ;
And yet it seemeth to reprove
All questioning.

It knows no turning nor decline,
No cloud nor shadow, lapse, nor change.
My blessed Lord ! such love as Thine
Is passing strange.

It flows from depths unsearchable,
A priceless gift, unbought, unearn'd ;
It flowed unsought,—it floweth still,—
Still unreturned.

If aught could turn such love aside,
It could not rest on me one hour.
He chose His church—He loves His bride
Without a dower !



LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”—Psalm xxx. 5.

MY blessed Master ! Thou who art
My absent, yet my present Lord,
Oh strengthen Thou this drooping heart
With one sweet word.

The water brooks have ceased to flow ;
The little wayside springs are dried ;
I cannot tell which way to go !
Be Thou my Guide !

I trust Thee—though I cannot see
Thy light upon my pathway shine :
However dark, Lord, let it be
Thy way—not mine.

A way in loving-kindness planned :
A way that reaches home at last :
And yet I faint ! Stretch forth Thy hand
And hold me fast !

I know *that* hand :—I feel its might !
The road grows firm beneath my feet !
The darkness is becoming light !
The bitter, sweet !
The water-brooks gush forth again,
At the sweet bidding of Thy word !
The crooked path is growing plain !
—My *present* Lord !



SABBATH MUSINGS FOR A SICK CHAMBER.

“Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them.”—

Luke xxiv. 15.

I WANT a Sabbath-talk with Thee :
I ask Thee for one little word ;
Alone—alone !—draw near to me,
Dear, risen Lord !

Oh join Thyself to me—and deign
To commune as in days foregone :
As once Thou talkedst with the twain,
So with the one.

Their Sabbath journey, e'en like mine,
Without a *present* Lord, was sad ;
Like them, I want the voice Divine,
To make me glad.

Draw near ; and make my heart to burn,
The while thou op'st the living Word,
And talk'st of sweet things that concern
Thyself—my *Lord*.

Unfold the wonders of Thy grace ;
Make hidden meanings clear and plain ;
And, through each glowing Scripture trace
Love's golden chain.

Mine eyes are holden ! Draw Thou near ;
And break the Bread, and pour the Wine ;
The strength, the sweetness, and the cheer,
All—*all* are Thine.



QUIETNESS.

“When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?
and when He hideth His face, who then can behold
Him?”—Job xxxiv. 29.

THOUGH gloom may veil our troubled skies,
And shades the plain o’erspread ;
Though billows of the deep may rise,
Yet lift we up our head.

Jesus ! if Thou be near to bless,
We shall not faint nor fail ;
For when Thou givest quietness,
No trouble shall prevail.

Thy quietness !—’tis not the calm
That spreads in vesper hours,
O’er earth’s green vales, the dewy balm
Of nature’s closing flowers.

’Tis not the calm the worldling knows,
In dreamy hours of pride ;
Though, softly lapped in false repose,
His gilded shallop ride.

Thy quietness !—no fount of earth
Hath ever proved its source ;
No mortal skill revealed its birth,
Or traced its hidden course.

O Saviour ?—Thou hast met the gale
On Thy unsheltered breast,
That we, the weak, the sick, the frail,
Might joy in peace and rest.

Take every treasure but Thy grace,
And we Thy hand will bless ;
Hide every comfort but Thy face,
Thy peace, Thy quietness.



THE PLEASANT PILGRIMAGE.

IT is a pleasant pilgrimage,
Though many count it drear ;
There are, at every weary stage,
So many things to cheer.

There is so many a halting spot,
Soft, beautiful, and sweet ;
And many a green and dewy plot,
Where streams of gladness meet.

There is so many a joyful glance,
(When faith's calm sunshine glows.)
Of our far off inheritance,
Where milk and honey flows !

While gales of balm, and songs of praise,
Float from the land of bliss,
How can we speak of dreary ways,
On journey such as this ?



REJOICING IN HOPE.

“ Having a desire to depart, and be with Christ ; which is far better.”—Philippians i. 23.

I LONG to bathe my tiréd wing
In crystal founts of heavenly bliss ;
I long my Saviour’s praise to sing,
And see Him as He is.

Ah ! when I think of robes of white—
No stain to soil, no blot to dim ;
And when I dream of founts of light,
All—all reflecting Him.

I long to breathe a purer air
Than this gross atmosphere below :
I long—and yet I would not dare
To say, “ Lord, let me go ! ”

Is it not joy on earth to dwell
Where He, the Son of Man, hath dwelt ?
Like Him to quaff the desert well,
And kneel where *He* hath knelt ?

Is it not joy His steps to mark,
And strive to walk where He hath trod ;
In places weary, rough, and dark,
Yet hallowed by my God ?

Oh fainting heart ! take hold of *Him*
Who fainted not to bear thy load :
Though thorns seem rude, and skies look dim,
He trod a rougher road.



DIVINE SYMPATHY.

“Casting all your care upon Him ; for He careth for you.”

—1 Peter v. 7.

THERE'S not a grief, however light,
Too light for sympathy !
There's not a care, however slight,
Too slight to bring to Thee !

Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress :
For He who bore the greater load,
Will not refuse the less.

There's not a secret sigh we breathe,
But meets the ear Divine ;
And every cross grows light, beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

Life's woes without,—sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow ;
But for that love which died for sin,—
That love which wept with woe.

All human sympathy but cheers,
When it is learned from Thee.
Alas for grief!—*but for those tears*
Which fell at Bethany !

CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD.

Psalm lv. 22.

MY blessed Master ! it is sweet
To bring my burden, *all complete*,
And lay it gently at Thy feet.

I have no precious nard to pour,
Costly and sweet, like one of yore,
Who brought Thee of her fragrant store.

Alas ! the burden which I bear,
Is heavy charged with sin and care ;
No earthly friend would deign to share.

I could not breathe such doubts—such fears.
I could not pour such sighs and tears,
In any fellow-pilgrim's ears.

I could not trust a suit like mine,
To any other ears but Thine,
My fellow-pilgrim—yet Divine !

Thou know'st, O Lord, before I speak,
How poor I am,—how halt,—how weak,
And what I need, and what I seek.

O wondrous love ! I thought to lay,
The galling burden of to-day
Just at Thy feet, and come away.

But Thou hast spoken words of cheer,
And whisper'd in my heavy ear—
“Oh, thou of little faith, draw near.”

Thou giv'st me bread from heaven to eat,
And slak'st my thirst with cordials sweet,
And bid'st me tarry at Thy feet.

So here I take the handmaid's place,
Till, in the fulness of Thy grace,
I shall behold Thee face to face.



REST IN PILGRIMAGE.

THOU who, in every troubled scene,
Hast been Thy people's quiet rest,
Oh, let a tired disciple lean
Upon the Master's breast.

'Tis there I list the whispers sweet,
Which every doubt and fear reprove ;
'Tis there I hear the pulses beat
Of everlasting Love.

'Tis there I breathe the secret sigh,
Too deep, too strange for mortal ear ;
And there the Master's hand doth dry
The poor disciple's tear.

'Tis there I own the sovereign grace
Which shattered earthly urns of bliss,
And troubled every resting-place,
Save this,—save only *this* !

My Master ! Thou hast borne for me
The bleeding feet, the weary breast,
And to Thy heart of love I flee,
For solace and for rest.



“COME UNTO ME.”

Matthew xi. 28.

WHEN I come with troubled heart,
Jesus bids me not depart
Till He stills it.

When I come with empty urn,
Jesus bids me not return
Till He fills it.

Once I came in tattered dress,
And the God of Holiness
Did not loathe me ;—
Bringing nothing for the payment,
When I came for change of raiment,
He did clothe me.

When I dared not nearer draw,
For the terrors of the law,
He beheld me ;—
When I could not enter in,
For the burden of my sin,
He compelled me.

Then He showed me how the Son
Hath my full salvation won

By His dying :—

How the law's demand He met ;
The poor bankrupt's total debt

Satisfying !

Still He bids me to draw near,
With my every grief or fear,

And He stills it.

All unworthy, still I learn,
Just to bring my empty urn,

And He fills it.



THE HOPE BEYOND.

“And the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way.”—Numbers xxi. 4.

HOW often, forgetting the crown,
And the palm, and the victor's array,
In sackcloth we choose to sit down,
“Discouraged because of the way !”

Disheartened because of the foe ;
And weary of bearing the cross ;
Cast down when the brooks cease to flow ;
And the gold is obscured by its dross !

Then the cross is a burden and grief,
And the yoke is a toil and a care ;
Though 'tis only our own unbelief
Which makes them so heavy to bear.

How often to Marah we flee,
And there pitch our tent in the waste ;
Forgetting that marvellous “Tree,”*
Which maketh it sweet to the taste !

We pine for the blessings foregone,
While still beside Marah we dwell ;
Though to Elim we ought to press on,
And be counting each palm-tree and well.†

Soon the shoes shall be loosed from the feet,
And the staff shall be dropped from the hand ;
And the wilderness manna, so sweet,
Shall be changed for the "corn of the land."‡

Then grace shall with glory be crowned,
And night shall dissolve into day :—
Oh ! the country for which we are bound,
Is worth all the griefs of the way !

* Exod. xv. 23-25.

† Exod. xvi. 1.

‡ Josh. v. 11.



THE LEARNER.

“That which I see not, teach Thou me.”—Job xxxiv. 32.

“What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.”—John xiii. 7.

JESUS ! for Thy mercy's sake,
Keep me in Thy school of grace ;
Though I'm only fit to take,
Day by day the lowest place.

Sweet the lessons of Thy school,
And the lowest place how sweet ;
When I yield me to Thy rule,
When I seat me at Thy feet.

Shall the learner dare rebel,
Shall the weak disciple mourn,
If Thy words seem hard to spell,
And Thy thoughts too deep to learn ?

Truths which reason cannot span,
Teach me humbly to believe ;
Mysteries too high to scan,
Let me quietly receive.

Give me strength to do Thy will,
 When Thy pleasure is revealed ;
Give me patience to lie still,
 When Thy dealings are concealed ;

What I can't unravel here,
 What I fail to solve aright,
Shall be rendered plain and clear,
 In that world where all is light.

Then each dark and doubtful word,
 Shall in golden letters shine ;
And a flood of light be poured
 O'er each dim and cloudy line.



PILGRIM DISCOVERIES.

I'VE found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow,
Of sunshine after rain.
I've found a branch of healing,
Near every bitter spring ;
A whispered promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

I've found a glad hosanna,
For every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna,
When grapes from Eschol fail.
I've found a Rock of Ages,
When desert wells were dry ;
And, after weary stages,
I've found an "Elim" nigh.

An "Elim" with its coolness,
Its fountains, and its shade !
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade !

O'er tears of soft contrition,
I've seen a rainbow light ;
A glory and fruition,
So near !—yet out of sight.

My Saviour ! Thee possessing,
We have the joy—the balm—
The healing, and the blessing—
The sunshine and the psalm ;
The promise for the fearful,
The “Elim” for the faint,
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint.



SAFE GUIDANCE.

“Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon : for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of Thy companions ?”—Canticles i. 7.

THOU, who art dear to me above
All other treasures of my love ;
Who, cold and faithless though I be,
Remainest all in all to me !—
Beloved Saviour ! tell me where
Thy flock, Thy ransom'd flock repose ;
Within what sheltering valley fair,
The greenest, sweetest, pasture grows.

And show me where, in noontide's beam,
They rest them by the stilly stream ;
And where the dews, in vesper hours,
Lie coolest on the thirsty flowers !
I dare not turn aside to stray
In other paths, however sweet !
I dare not walk, but in the way,
Mark'd by the traces of *Thy* feet !

In fruitful pastures, smooth and bright,
In smiling valleys of delight,
I cannot find Thy footprints trac'd,
But in the rough and dreary waste :
In lonely paths, uncheered and lorn,
Where bitter waters darkly flow ;
And where the briar and the thorn,
Encompassed round Thy steps of woe.

And shall we tremble, if Thou guide
Thy flock by stormy mountain side ?
Is not the sweetest herbage found,
On stony, and on barren ground ?
The balmiest herbs for healing, grow
In places parch'd by Summer's heat ;
And aromatic odours flow
From balsams bruised by pilgrims' feet.

'Twill soon be past ;—a few rough ways,
A few dark nights and languid days :
A few more mountain rills to quaff,
Led by Thy faithful rod and staff :
Then shall Thy blood-wash'd flock be fed,
Within the fold of rest above ;
And fathom, at its fountain head,
The river of redeeming love !



A LITTLE LONGER.

OH, be not fearful ! strive a little longer ;
The cloud of unbelief will soon divide ;
Look upward ! though the foe be waxing stronger,
There's yet a stronger fighting on our side !

Though wayside brooks be dried we will not murmur ;
Though faith may falter, yet we shall not fail ;
God's promise resteth on a groundwork firmer,
Than all the doubtings of the faint and frail.

Life's thorny thickets shall not rend our raiment ;
Nor shoes wax old, ere yet the day be spent ;
One taste of Eschol's grapes is over payment,
For every bitter herb around our tent.

List to the brooklets in yon valley singing !
We soon shall lave them o'er our weary breast ;
Behold the verdant pastures softly springing,
In halcyon earnest of our heavenly rest.

Though still we kneel to gather up the manna,
Ere yet it melt from off the desert sand,
We hail the echoes of a glad hosanna,
Wafted in whispers from the promised land.

A little longer—yet a little longer,
And every lurid shadow will divide ;
Take up the song !—though foes be waxing stronger,
There's yet a stronger fighting on our side.



THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

"My sheep hear my voice."—John x. 27.

OH ! for a finely tuned ear,
The Shepherd's voice to hear and know ;
Both when it speaks,—distinct and clear,
And when it whispers,—soft and low !

Oh ! for an ear to list its call,
When sounds it in the stormy hour ;
And when its accents gently fall,
Like dew upon the fainting flower.

An ear to heed each warning word :
To hearken for each gracious tone ;
And when the "stranger's" voice is heard,
To know it from the Shepherd's own.

But oh ! when doubts and fears shall dim
The pathway of the Shepherd's choice,
'Tis they who walk most close to Him,
Who best can hear His guiding voice.

'Tis they, whose path is safe from harm ;
'Tis they, who know the good from ill ;
And, strengthened by His mighty arm,
Are strong to do His holy will.

Then grant me Lord the listening ear ;
And grant the Heaven-directed eye ;
The faith that waits Thy voice to hear ;
The love that keeps me ever nigh.



THE HEART OF UNBELIEF.

“Help Thou mine unbelief.”—Mark ix. 24.

TIS not the cross I have to bear,
’Tis not this cup of pain and care,
Which constitute my bitter grief :
It is the heart of unbelief !

The cross would be but light, without
The boding fear,—the anxious doubt ;
And honey-drops my cup would fill,
But for this rebel, restless will.

’Twas unbelief which sowed the thorn,
By which these weary feet were torn :
’Tis unbelief and fear which hide,
The pleasant brooks on either side.

’Tis faith which hails the fountain’s flow,
And sees the desert lily blow ;
And listens patiently to hear,
The blessed Master drawing near.

Dear Lord ! from whom our hearts receive,
The grace to hear Thee and believe,
Take from my cross its only grief,
And help,—O help mine unbelief !

ONLY BELIEVE.

“ This is an hard saying ; who can hear it ? ”—John vi. 60

IS the saying too hard to believe ?
Doth reason stand baffled and dumb ?
Is the doctrine too deep to receive ?—
Then wait till the Master shall come.

Till the light of His presence is poured,
We may search through the problem in vain ;
The Master who gave us the Word,
Himself must its meaning explain.

Himself gives the faith to adore
The truths that are hidden from sight ;
For their depth, I would love them the more,
And revere them but more for their height.

Up the measureless heights of His love,
Down the fathomless depths of His grace,
I would gaze till all doubts shall remove,
And faith all misgivings displace.

Oh sweet is the blessing for those
Who see not, and yet have believed ;
And safe is *their* place of repose,
Who rest on the promise received.

UNFAILING HELP.

“Daughter, be of good comfort.”—Matt. ix. 22.

OH Thou who from far didst behold,
And draw the poor prodigal near ;
And spake to a sufferer of old
To be of good comfort and cheer :—

To one in like need of Thy grace,
To one who is helpless as she,
Oh, send the same message of peace,
And speak the like comfort to me.

Her faith was so earnest and strong,
It wrestled through hindrance and strife ;
It forced her a path through the throng,
To the fountain of healing and life.

But mine is so faint and so weak,
I cannot press forward, until
My Healer first graciously speak,
And give both the strength and the will.

I cannot reach forward my hand,
To touch e'en the hem of Thy dress,
Unless Thou dost give the command,
And open my way through the press.

O Lord, I have nothing to plead ;
I have nothing Thy favour to move,
But the sense of my infinite need,
And the plea of Thy infinite love.



JESUS, OUR HIGH PRIEST.

“Even Jesus, made an High Priest for ever.”—Heb. vi. 20.

HOW can I Thy name adore,
Who am all unworthy ?
How can I an offering pour
From an urn so earthy ?
Ah ! an incense not mine own,
Breatheth matchless sweetness ;
And its fragrance is ascending,
With my mean oblation blending,
Giving perfect meetness.

Therefore boldly draw I near,
With my poor petition :
No dismay, nor doubt, nor fear,
Yet in meek contrition ;—
Noting ONE who standeth by,
Ever interceding :
Who hath suffered death ;—yea rather,
Hath ascended to the Father,
For the sinner pleading !

Faith beholds Him as He stands
In the courts of Heaven ;
With the nail-prints in His hands,
And His side spear-riven !
Now in priestly vestment clad,
Beautiful and glorious ;
Working out our full salvation,
By His priestly ministration ;
O'er the cross victorious !



THE EXILE.

“How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land?”—
Psalm cxxxvii. 4.

HOW shall an Exile sing
The songs of Zion in a foreign land ?
How shall the notes of joy and gladness ring
Beneath his trembling hand ?

And hath the willow flung
Her shade so long across thy mournful brow ?
And hath thy silent harp so long been hung
Upon her drooping bough,

That thou hast lost thy skill ;
And hast forgot the tuneful melody ?—
Thy hand hangs feeble,—and thy heart is chill,
And thou hast lost the key ?

Exile, take down the lyre !
Shake off the dust from every tuneless string ;
Pass thy hand softly o’er each fragile wire,
Look Zionward—and sing !

Heavenward—till, one by one,
The notes of joy thy silent shell o'erflow.
The song they sing before the Saviour's throne,
Must first be learned below.

Thou canst not join their throng,
Till thou hast caught the key-note of their strain ;
The foreign land must echo the Home-song,
“Worthy the Lamb once slain.”

The music of ONE name
O'erflows the courts of Heaven with melody ;
And pilgrim-lips reply,—“Worthy the Lamb,
For He was slain for *me* !”



THE DAILY CROSS.

“Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.”—Mark viii. 34.

THE followers of the Son of God
Have each a daily cross to bear ;
And he who treads where Jesus trod,
Must not refuse His cup to share.

But sin can ne’er be crucified,
By cross or suffering of our own :
The cross whereon Immanuel died,
Alone can win the victor’s crown.

We own but one Gethsemane :
And *there* the debt of woe was paid ;
We know but one true Calvary :
And *there* was sin’s atonement made.

’Tis sweet, O Lord, Thy cup to share,
Of true discipleship the sign ;
And easy is the cross to bear,
If faith beholdeth only *Thine*.

Then grant us grace to drink the cup,
Whate’er that daily cup may be ;
And cheerfully the cross take up,
And bear it meekly after Thee.

JESUS ONLY.

“And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man,
save Jesus only.”—Matt. xvii. 8.

ONLY Jesus ! Let the vision
In its glory pass away ;
Vanish all the light Elysian !
'T is enough if Jesus stay.

Though no more His raiment glisten
With unshrouded Deity :
Though no more the ear can listen
To the converse of the sky :

Prophet, Teacher, each may vanish ;
Shadowy clouds opaque and dim,
From the aching sight may banish,—
All, save Jesus—“*Hear ye Him.*”

When we leave the heights of Tabor,
For earth's valleys dim and cold,
Mid life's toil, and care, and labour,
Only Jesus can uphold.

When our path seems dark and lonely—
Reft of glory, poor and sad,—
Friends estranged,—with Jesus only,
We are rich, and full, and glad.

When our lot is crowned with blessing,
Blessed in basket and in store ;
Every earthly gift possessing,
All—save Jesus—we are poor.

When the word by angels spoken
Once pronounced our souls undone,
Doomed by every statute broken,—
Only Jesus could atone.

When we stood as bankrupt debtors,
Pleading nought but penury,
Only Jesus brake the fetters,
Paid our debt and set us free.

When we felt the balm of healing
Softly o'er our spirit poured,
'Twas the Saviour's gracious dealing,—
It was Jesus who restored.

When the glorious life immortal
Shall be dawning on our sight,
Only Jesus opes the portal
To the shining realms of light.



BE OF GOOD CHEER.

“Be of good cheer ; I have overcome the world.”—
John xvi. 33.

“**B**E of good cheer!”—my blessed Lord !
Who art the very God of light,—
I'll strive to take Thee at Thy word,
And sing of morning through the night.

'Tis Thou alone canst give the “cheer,”
And make the fainting spirit strong ;
The Lord who wept must dry the tear ;
The “Man of Sorrows” give the song.

Ah me ! the lamp of faith burns dim,
And midnight shades enwrap the soul ;
I strive, in vain, the lamp to trim,
And find no oil within the bowl.

The Lord of grace fresh oil will pour,
And gently fan the feeble light ;
The love which quickened will restore,
And morning shall succeed to night.

And when temptations darkly rise,
And Satan's subtle darts are hurled,
"Be of good cheer," my Lord replies,
"For *I* have overcome the world."



SAFE IN JESUS.

THERE is an unsearchable joy,
In seasons of conflict and woe,
Which nothing but sin can destroy,
And nothing but Christ can bestow.
There's a light which illumines and cheers
The lone and the desolate place,
And gilds the dark valley of tears
With the rainbow of covenant grace.

There's a strength that upholdeth the weak,
There's a hand which releases the bound,
There's a promise for all who would seek,
There's a glory for all who have found.
There's a Rock that all storms can withstand,
An anchorage safe for the tossed,
For the wrecked, there's a life-boat at hand,
A Saviour for them that were lost.

Though the harbour be hidden from sight,
By billows of conflict and sin,
Yet the life-boat is steering aright,
And will bear us triumphantly in.
The promise hath ever sufficed,
That nothing shall hurt or appal :—
We have ventured our all upon Christ,
And shall prove Him sufficient for all.



FOUNTS OF COMFORT.

“Who passing through the valley of Baca (old version, vale of Misery) make it a well.”—Psalm lxxxiv. 6.

FEAR we not the vale of sadness :
Dread we not the place of tears ;
Hidden there, are founts of gladness,
Light for darkness, hope for fears.

Sweetest springs of joy are welling,
In that valley deep and lone ;
Softest notes of praise are swelling,
Mingled with affliction's tone.

Though the cypress bough be dimming
Many a blossom rich and bright ;
Though the dirge of death be hymning
Through the dwellings of delight ;

Sweet with Jesus in communion,
Is the bitter cup of woe :
Safe with Him in holy union,
Is the pathway dim and low.

Soon the night of tribulation
Shall be turned to glory's day ;
Soon the day-spring of salvation,
Open on the tearful way.



DAILY STRENGTH.

“He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.”—Cant. ii. 4.

IN the wilderness Thou sought us,
In a land of drought and woe ;
And Thy guiding hand hath brought us,
Where the springs of healing flow.

Where Thy manna falls around us ;
Where Thy presence lights our day ;
Where with mercies Thou hast crowned us ;
Where our guilt is washed away.

Thou hast spread a banner o'er us,
And that banner, Lord, is love ;
At its sight, our foes before us,
As a vanquished host remove.

Thou with loving-kindness guid'st us,
In Thy tender, sweet control,
To the feast which Thou provid'st us,
For the healing of our soul.

Ah ! the bread of life was broken,
And was press'd the living vine,
To prepare the precious token,
Saviour, that our hearts are Thine !

Lord ! O what have we to bring Thee ?—
Hearts polluted, carnal, base,
Yet they willing are to sing Thee,
Thee !—Thy mercies and Thy grace !



LOVING-KINDNESS.

“Who can make that straight which God hath made
crooked?”—Ecclesiastes vii. 13.

HOW tenderly Thy hand is laid,
O Lord, upon Thy child !
How gently is the rough wind stayed,
When Eastern blasts are wild !

So graciously our cup is crowned,
And mixed with loving care,
The drops of bitterness are found
The best ingredient there.

The flame that should our dross destroy,
So tempered is by Thee,
Instead of pain,—a place of *joy*,
The furnace proves to be.

Though every earthly lamp may fade,
We count the darkness sweet ;
For in the gloom, and in the shade,
Our Saviour's steps we meet.

O Father! we will ask Thee not,
In blessing, to remove
The crook that marks our mortal lot,
But point it with Thy love!



THE FREE GIFT.

“Without money and without price.”—Isa. lv. 1.

OH fount of grace that runneth o'er,
So full, so vast, so free !
Are *none* too worthless, *none* too poor,
To come and take of Thee ?

We come, O Lord, with empty hand,
Yet turn us not away ;—
For grace hath nothing to demand,
And suppliants nought to pay.

'Tis ours to ask and to receive ;—
To take,—and not to buy :
'Tis Thine,—in sovereign grace to give,
Yea,—give abundantly !

And thus, in simple faith we dare
Our empty urn to bring :
Oh nerve the feeble hand of prayer,
To dip it in the spring !



THE FREE-WILL OFFERING.

GIVE to the Lord thy heart !
Bring joyfully the silver and the gold :
The rich, are they who keep not back a part ;
The glad, the full, are those who ne'er withhold.

Give to the Lord thy heart !
Its morning fragrance, and its noontide might,
And evening dews.—All that thou hast and art,
Are but the Lord's, by purchase and by right.

Give to the Lord thy heart !
Bring a whole offering—worthless though it be ;
The love which took thy cross, and bore its smart,
Paid the full price, O ransomed one, for thee !



TRUST IN GOD.

“Why standest Thou afar off, O Lord? why hidest Thou Thyself in time of trouble?”—Psalm x. 1.

L ORD ! we know that Thou art near us,
Though Thou seem'st to hide Thy face ;
And are sure that Thou dost hear us,
Though no answer we embrace.

Not one promise shall miscarry ;
Not one blessing come too late :
Though the vision long may tarry,
Give us patience, Lord, to wait.

While *withholding*, Thou art *giving*,
In Thine own appointed way ;
And while *waiting*, we're receiving
Blessings suited to our day.

Oh the wondrous loving-kindness,
Planning,—working out of sight !
Bearing with us in our blindness !
Out of darkness bringing light.

Weaving blessings out of trials ;
Out of grief evolving bliss ;
Answering prayer by wise denials,
When Thy children ask amiss !

And when faith shall end in vision,
And when prayer is lost in praise :
Then shall love, in full fruition,
Justify Thy secret ways.



PEACE BE STILL.

“Then He arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea ; and there was a great calm.”—Matt. viii. 26.

ONE word from Thee, my Saviour,
Would hush the storm to rest ;
And calm the rolling waves that sweep
Across this troubled breast.

One look would pour down sunshine
Upon the midnight deep ;
I know Thou art on board my barque,
And yet Thou seem'st to sleep.

I hear the surging billows !
The ship begins to fill !
And yet I hear no loving voice
Which speaketh, “Peace be still.”

When, when wilt Thou awaken
And smooth the troubled wave ?
Oh car'st Thou not ?—we perish, Lord,
Unless Thou rise and save.

Yet, midst the toss and tumult,
I clasp a saving arm ;
And, clinging to its strength, the storm
Is safer than the calm !

No barque hath ever foundered
With such a Friend on board,
No soul was ever cast away
With such a *Saviour Lord* !



WAIT ON THE LORD.

“Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick.”—John xi. 3.

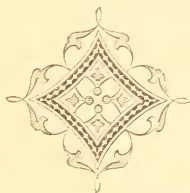
ONE touch from Thee—the Healer of diseases ;
One little touch would make our brother whole ;
And yet Thou comest not ;—O blessed Jesus !
Send a swift answer to our waiting soul.

Full many a message have we sent, and pleaded,
That Thou would'st haste thy coming, gracious Lord ;
Each message was received, and heard, and heeded,
And yet we welcome no responsive word.

We know that Thou art blessing, whilst withholding ;
We know that Thou art near us, though apart ;
And though we list no answer, Thou art folding
Our poor petitions to Thy smitten heart.

A bright and glorious answer is preparing,
Hid in the heights of love—the depths of grace ;
We know that Thou, the Risen, still art bearing,
Our cause as Thine, within the holy place.

And so we trust our pleadings to Thy keeping ;
So, at Thy feet we lay our burden down ;
Content to bear the earthly cross, with weeping,
Till at Thy feet we cast the heavenly crown.



PILGRIM MUSINGS.

OH Jesus ! our Saviour,
Our Brother and Friend,
Whose love and whose favour
Will last to the end ;
Our rest is before us,
Though still out of sight,
And Thy promise waves o'er us,
A banner of light !

Though the wilderness journey
Be rough to our feet,
Though the pathway be thorny,
The prospect is sweet.
The brooks that are flowing
Be sweet to the taste ;
And blossoms are blowing
To gladden the waste.

When briars entangle
The footsteps forlorn,
There's a dew-drop to spangle
The point of each thorn ;

Though the foot of the weary
May smart with the wound,
The Healer is near me,
The balsám is found !

Ah ! why should I waver
Thy call to obey,
Since Thou, our own Saviour,
Hast marked out the way ?
A Pilgrim and Stranger
Our cross hast Thou borne,
And vanquished each danger,
And blunted each thorn.

The cross Thou hast suffered
Hath won us the day ;
The grace Thou hast proffered
Will lighten our way ;
The pathway grows clearer,
The light shineth through ;
The rest draweth nearer,
The Home is in view.



TRUST IN CHRIST.

“Let not your heart be troubled.”—John xiv. 1.

OH Saviour ! could we but believe,
In simple, child-like faith ;
And in confiding love receive,
All that the Scripture saith ;

Ah then, in every grief and care,
Our souls would cling to Thee ;
And looking at Thy cross, lay there,
All our infirmity !

Our hearts are troubled,—yet Thy Word
Hath said “Be not afraid,”
Because on Thee, Almighty Lord !
Sufficient help is laid.

“Oh be not troubled,—let your heart
Cast all its care on me ;
For I have borne affliction’s part,
For you on Calvary.”

Dear Son of Man ! we hear Thy voice,
We recognize Thy love,
And yet we only half rejoice,
Nor all Thy blessings prove.

The Holy Spirit, in our breast,
Alone Thy words must trace ;
By Him, O let them be imprest,
In characters of grace.



LORD, ABIDE WITH US.

“And He made as though He would have gone further. But they constrained Him, saying, Abide with us.”—Luke xxiv. 28, 29.

LORD Jesus ! we constrain Thee,
By prayer, and tear, and sigh,
Abide with us this eventide,
And do not pass us by !
For very urgent is the need
Which craves Thy sympathy.

We have our poor and hungered,
Who faint for lack of bread :—
Dear Lord ! we have our sick and weak,
Our dying,—and our dead :—
Our sorrowing ones who wait for Thee
Ere they be comforted.

We have our young, light-hearted,
Who need Thy sweet control :
We have our bruised and broken reeds ;
And Thou canst make them whole.
Thy hand must raise the drooping ones
And ease the burdened soul.

Lord Jesus ! we constrain Thee,
Thy presence to bestow,
By all *Thy* boundless heights of love,
And all *our* depths of woe !
Our prayers shall hold Thee by the feet,
And will not let Thee go.



COME UNTO ME.

Matthew xi. 28.

LORD ! I come to Thee for pardon ;
Though with anxious, halting mind :
And I find the pardon waiting,—
Ready sealed—and ready signed.

Lord ! I come to Thee for clothing ;
Goodly raiment I have none ;
And I find “the best Robe” ready ;—
Counted as the sinner’s own !

Lord ! I come, athirst and hungered,
A poor beggar at Thy board :
And I find the bread is broken,
And the wine already poured.

Still I come for daily cleansing ;
Still to take the lowest seat ;—
And I find Thee ready girded,
Washing the disciples’ feet.

Still I come,—weak, needy, worthless,
Bringing nothing in return ;—
And I find in Thee a fulness,
Which o'erflows my empty urn.

“Grace for grace” invites my coming,
Hour by hour, and day by day ;—
I should pine, and faint, and perish,
If I dared to stay away.



LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Hebrews xii. 2.

“**L**OOKING unto Jesus,”
With the eye of faith,
Telling Him our troubles,
Hearing what He saith ;—
Like the day-spring stealing
Through the shades of night,
Silently it turneth
Darkness into light !

“Looking unto Jesus,”
In that sweet accord,
Knitting the disciple
To the absent Lord :—
To our soul’s complainings,
Jesus giveth heed ;
Pouring out His fulness
Over all our need.

"Looking unto Jesus,"
In the stormy day,
'Tis His gracious Spirit
Cheers us on our way !
Looking still to Jesus
When the storms retreat,
'Tis His wing which shelters
From the noontide heat !

"Looking unto Jesus,"
From the bed of pain ;
As a suffering brother,
Jesus will sustain.
Looking still to Jesus,
In the hour of death,
Lo ! "the everlasting
Arms are underneath."

When the disembodied
In His presence stands ;
Sees her name imprinted
On His wounded hands ;
Reads her blood-bought title,
On His breast engraven ;
"Looking unto Jesus,
Opes the gate of Heaven !

THE SPIRIT'S QUICKENING.

“Whose heart the Lord opened.”—Acts xvi. 14.

WE cannot see the wondrous hand
That makes the budding flower expand :
—One sunbeam’s kiss,—one dew-drop’s fall,
May open wide its coronal ;
And every folded petal part,
That noon’s full tide may reach its heart.

And yet the hand that drops the dew,
Is shaded from our finite view ;
And He who guides the ray of light,
Is hidden from our mortal sight.
We see not,—but we own the power,
That makes the bud become the flower.

Oh Lord ! Thy hand alone can part,
The shadows that enfold man’s heart ;
Thy Holy Spirit’s quickening breath,
Can vivify the germ of faith ;
Thy Word can cause the bud to grow ;
Thy touch can make the flower to blow.

To Thee our infant flowers we bring :—
(Our buds,—so slow in opening !)—
Perchance, within the folded cup,
The germ of life is treasured up :—
We bring them, Lord, to crave Thy aid,
To that dear “place where prayer is made.”

One gracious drop of heavenly dew,
May bring the hidden life to view :
One touch of love the leaves unroll,
And shed Truth's noontide o'er the soul ;
And Thus, by sweet degrees, transmute
The open blossom into fruit !



RESTORING LOVE.

“Go after that which is lost.”—Luke xv. 4.

OH the wondrous grace that seeks
For the sheep that goes astray !
Oh the loving voice that speaks
To the wildered,—“Come away !”

Oh the tenderness that spares
All upbraiding,—all rebuke !
Oh that pitying eye which bears
Pardon in each piercing look !

And that melting word which brings
Tears without,—yet peace within !—
“I have healed thy wanderings.
I have put away thy sin.”

Never had the wanderer known,
Where to find the fold-ward track
Till the Shepherd sought His own,
Found it,—called it,—brought it back :

Laid it on His faithful breast,
Closed its wounds with healing art,
Shewed its worthless name impressed,
On the tablet of His heart !

Saviour—Shepherd ! may the grace
That hath ransomed and restored,
Make the chosen, choose Thy ways :
Draw the saved to serve the Lord !



THE PRODIGAL SON.

The Recall.

A SPELL of love passed o'er him,—he awoke,
Not as the babe awaketh with the kiss
Of his fond mother :—he had borne the yoke,
The grievous yoke of sin :—his early bliss,
Seemed like some broken urn, yet fragrant still,
Though marred and stained with overmastering ill.

A spell of love hath found him ;—though afar
In desert countries he had wandered long,
Until had waned, and set his guiding star,
And Satan's bands resistless seemed, and strong ;
Yet hath a dream of gentle lustre broke,
Through the dull sleep of sin,—and he awoke.

He communed with the love of early years ;
He talked with memories all seared and pale :
O 't was a spell of *love* !—no boding fears,
But thoughts all fitted for the poor and frail
Came over him, and graciously recall
“His Father's house,” to the lost Prodigal.

“His Father’s house,” of tenderness and love ;
His Father’s board, of bountiful supply ;
There are His hirelings cared for,—whilst I rove
A *son*,—yet groaning in my penury :—
I will arise and seek my Father’s face ;
And the poor sinner rose,—a child of *grace* !

God of all grace !—still winning be the spell,
Which draws the sinner from the paths of death ;
Opening in desert lands a gushing well,
Of holy memories, in living faith.
O call each Prodigal, where’er he rove,
With thoughts of home, and of his Father’s love.



THE PRODIGAL SON.

The Return.

GOD'S thoughts are not as ours !—we gird our breast
With the cold iron of complacent pride ;

Our charities and kindness are comprest

With earth's hard bands, that check our love's soft
tide,

And we to sinner's say, with scornful brow,
Stand off, "for I am holier than thou !"

Oh ! 'tis not thus with God,—His arms of love

Yearn for the thankless Prodigal's embrace ;
He sees him yet afar,—He longs to prove

His love, and pity, and forgiving grace ;—
The Holy Dove spreads soft His peaceful wings,
And joy in heaven, tunes high the seraph's strings.

The Father sees, while yet afar, the Son :

—Waits He to mark the bitter tear-drop fall ?
—Waits He the words of grief in pleading tone ?

No ! He whose grace hath turned the Prodigal,
Runs to embrace him, though the sordid dress
Of sin, still marked the sinner's faithlessness.

Bring forth the robe of beauty and of light,
The robe all woven without seam or stain ;
Bring forth the ring of covenanted right,
And let the sacrifice for praise be slain :—
Joy for the wandering sinner's sweet recall,—
The lost and found,—the contrite Prodigal !



ABBA FATHER.

“Doubtless Thou art our Father.”—Isa. lxiii. 16.

OH ! it is sweet to turn to Thee,
And call Thee “Father,” though my name,
Disowned, rejected, scorned may be,
By all whose fellowship I claim.

Yes ! Thou art mine, though all beside,
Their smile of love shall turn away :—
Jesus alone doth know His bride,
And He will be her light and stay.

Though Abraham shall own me not,
And Jacob shall refuse my plea,
Yet, Saviour, I distrust Thee not,
Since I am owned and loved by Thee.

When Jesus shall His bride declare,
And she shall know Him, face to face,
Then many a jewel, bright and rare,
By men disowned, her crown shall grace.

It is enough !—Thy voice shall still
Each whispering sigh, to peace and rest ;
And Thou,—Belov'd One,—Thou shalt fill
Each shrine of love within my breast.

I cannot doubt Thy changeless Word,
Though all shall doubt of it beside ;
I'll call Thee mine,—my love,—my Lord,
Till in Thy bosom I abide !



THE TEARS OF JESUS.

HE wept ! whence flowed that mortal tear ?
He is the Lord of joy and light,
The Soother of each grief and fear,
The Day-star of the Christian's night ;—
And yet He weeps ! O wherefore flow
Those tears of mortal grief and woe ?

The *mourner* knows why Jesus wept ;
He knows that tear-drop's holy well ;
Knows why the chords of grief were swept,
And why such sighs His bosom swell.—
Joy stead of sorrow ! light for gloom !
Since Jesus wept by Lazarus' tomb.

Behold how Jesus loves ! His heart
Hath shared our sorrow and our strife ;
His sympathy hath taken part
In all the burden of our life.
We thank Thee, Saviour, for the sigh,
And tender tear of sympathy.

The *sinner* knows why Jesus wept ;
When, one by one, in dark array,
From hiding places where they slept,
Remembered not till washed away,
His sins in all their hateful light,
Are brought before his spirit's sight.

He loves each bitter tear to count,
Which fell from Christ the Man of Grief,
O'er Zion, His beloved mount,
For mortal sin and unbelief !
He loves such tear-drops, for they prove
The shoreless depths of Jesus' love.

Because *He* wept,—the oil of joy,
Instead of tears, shall overflow ;
And praise shall be our sweet employ,
And robes of light, instead of woe,
Shall be our dress ! and chords be swept,
In thankful strains,—*since Jesus wept.*



THANKSGIVING FOR THE HARVEST.

FOR the sunshine and the rain,
For the dew and for the shower,
For the yellow, ripened grain,
And the golden harvest hour,
We bless Thee, O our God !

For the heat and for the shade,
For the gladness and the grief,
For the tender, sprouting blade,
And for the nodding sheaf,
We bless Thee, O our God !

For the hope and for the fear,
For the storm and for the peace,
For the trembling and the cheer,
And for the glad increase,
We bless Thee, O our God !

Our hands have tilled the sod,
And the torpid seed have sown ;
But the quickening was of God,
And the praise be His alone.
We bless Thee, O our God !

For the sunshine and the shower,
For the dew and for the rain,
For the golden harvest hour,
And for the garnered grain,
We bless Thee, O our God !



MARY'S CHOICE.

SHE chose the footstool of her Lord,
It was a precious choice !
For there she listened to His word,
And heard His saving voice.

The business of the passing scene,
To her brought no employ ;
No thought less holy came between
Her soul, and its one joy !

She sat, e'en like some lowly flower,
Opening its trembling crest,
Upturning, that the sunbeam's power
May on its petals rest.

And she was raised up,—her Lord
Said of that lowly heart,
That she hath chosen, in His word,
The sure and better part.

Oh Saviour ! still on earth we meet,
Thy Spirit and Thy voice ;
Place us, like Mary, at Thy feet,
Give us her better choice !



A CALL OF WARNING.

“O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away.”—Hosea vi. 4.

“How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?”—Hosea xi. 8.

A CALL of warning—yet of love,
Of judgment—yet of peace, a voice!
It speaks to sinners from above,
And bids them tremble, yet rejoice.

O listen to the pleading voice!
Israel, thou art an empty vine;
And Ephraim maketh lies his choice,
But turn ye—ye shall yet be mine!

How can I give thee up?—I led
My trembling child from Egypt's land;
And in the dreary desert fed
My son, as with a Father's hand.

I taught him also how to go,
I led him gently on his way,
Shewed him where healing waters flow,
And where the manna round him lay.

Yet knew he not the hand that healed,
Nor knew the guiding Pillar's name,
Nor who the pleasant brooks revealed,
Nor who his Comforter became.

His goodness was a morning cloud,
And as the early dew his grace ;
His knee to idols he hath bowed,
And worshipped others in my place.

What shall I do to thee, my son ?
Thou art an empty, worthless vine ;
Thy fruit is to thyself alone,
But turn thee—thou shalt yet be mine.

Ephraim ! I cannot give thee up ;
For thee the thorn, the nail I bore,
For thee I drained affliction's cup,
And thou art mine for evermore !

Mine anger have I turned from thee,
And thy transgressions all have healed ;
And loved thee with a love so free,
That thou thy grateful heart shalt yield :

And thou shalt say,—“What do I more
With idols ?—I am God’s own child ;
My faithless wanderings now are o’er,
Because through Christ I’m reconciled.”



H Y M N.

Third hour of the Sabbath.—St. Ambrose.

O H Holy Spirit, who art one
With God the Father, God the Son ;
For the dear sake of Him who died,
Let not my prayer be turned aside,
But answer it, O Holy Dove,
By breathing o'er my soul His love.

Oft as my feet approach Thy shrine,
Upon my heart's affections shine ;
And as my lips Thy praises sing,
O consecrate the offering ;
And let Thy sanctifying grace
Make my whole soul Thy dwelling place !

My Father, hallowed be Thy name ;—
And glory be to Him who came
To take my flesh, and bear my load,
And lead the sinner back to God :—
And be the psalm of praise to Thee,
Great Paraclete, eternally.



MORNING HYMN.

St. Ambrose.

THOU brightness of Thy Father's face,
Shining with uncreated light,
Eternal fount of life and grace,—
Day of our day,—Star of our night.

Sun ! pouring a celestial stream
Of life and beauty on our head ;
Oh let the Holy Spirit's beam,
In answer to Thy prayer, be shed !

Father of grace !—to Thee we call,
Because we walk in slippery ways,
Hold and preserve us lest we fall,
And cheer the faint to sing Thy praise.

No strength have we to do Thy will,
Except as Thou confirm'st our heart ;
Say to opposing waves, Be still ;
Say to assaulting fears, Depart.

The heart which Thou hast purchased, guide ;
The spirit Thou hast saved, control ;
Exalt the faith which justified ;
And sanctify the trusting soul.

Jesus ! our bread from heaven art Thou ;—
The crystal river, at whose brink
The tree of life extends its bough,
To shelter those who stoop to drink.

With *lowliness* our morning hours,
With *faith* our brightening noontide, crown ;
And, wreathed with gratitude's sweet flowers,
Grant that our hours of eve go down.

And when to this dim changeful day,
Our souls have bade a calm farewell,
Then, Saviour ! at Thy feet we'll lay
Our fadeless crown of Asphodel !



CHURCH OF CHRIST.

From the Latin.

CHURCH of Christ !—a glorious name
Jesus hath assigned to thee ;
Spouse to Him, the spotless Lamb,
Slain for thee on Calvary !

Gird thee ;—'tis the battle field,
Yet, O take the lyre of praise ;
'Tis the hour for sword and shield,
'Tis the hour for holy lays.

Now behold the virgin's Son,
He hath taught thee how to sing,
Be thy song of Him alone,
Who hath tuned thy spirit's string.

Once He bowed His head and died,
Now from death He sets thee free ;
Now He decks thee as His bride,
Now He joins Himself to thee.

List ! a new and holy song
Echoes through the courts above,
Seraph lyres the psalm prolong,
In a thousand notes of love.

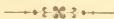
Princes of the heavenly choir,
Judges now of Israel ;
Thy apostles tune their lyre,
And the notes of glory swell.

See thy martyrs purified
By the blood their Master shed :
Living now because He died,
Dying once because He bled.

See believers of each age,
Who in faith their pathway trod,
Enter on that heritage
Purchased for them by their God.

This their glorious song alone,
This, through all eternity :
“ Glory to the Three in One,
Who from death hath made us free.

Faint, O Lord, our service now,
Whilst within this earthly shrine ;
When before Thy throne we bow,
Then our glory shall be Thine !”



MATIN HYMN.

From the Latin.

O HOLY Spirit ! from above
Thy lucid waters turn,
And fill with sweet supplies of love,
Our heart's most secret urn.

O may those holy links which bind
The Father to the Son,
Around His children be entwined,
And knit their hearts in one.

For ever tune the holy song
Of praise to God above,
And let eternity prolong
The hymn-notes of our love.



ADVENT HYMN.

From the Latin.

WITH prayer and praise in sweet accord,
We wait Thy coming, gracious Lord !
And cheer, with holy psalm and hymn,
This mortal night, so long and dim.

Incarnate God ! who deigned to rest,
A lowly babe on mortal breast ;
The servant's yoke was laid on Thee,
That Thou might'st set the bondmen free.

Awake O Zion ! and confess
The Saviour in His lowliness ;
While yet the weak and humble One,
Speaks peace in reconciling tone.

For soon shall thy incarnate Lord,
Draw from its sheath the glittering sword ;
And from the mercy-seat come down,
With trumpet's shout, and Victor's crown.

That day is near :—the shades of night
Are touched by morning's rapid light :
The watchers on the tower proclaim,
The coming Bridegroom's glorious name.



VESPER HYMN.

From the Latin.

O THOU ! whose glory and eternal grace,
Encircle Thee, as with a robe of light ;
Before whose presence angels veil their face,
Bathed though they be in Zion's fountains bright.

Such brightness is not mine, the clouds of gloom,
Shut out its radiance from my mortal soul ;
And only through the portals of the tomb,
Bright visions of eternal glory roll.

The brightest star upon the brow of night,
Scarce shadows forth the gladness of that day,
Which pours a flood of glory and of light,
E'en through the darkness of my earthly way.

O day of gladness, wherefore lingerest thou ?
Too long is thy uprising dawn delayed ;
Shine on me, Guest desired ! and now, e'en now,
Dissolve this frame, and pierce this mortal shade.

My God ! shake off these fetters, they are chains
Which hold my soul from communing with Thee ;
I cannot praise Thee now in love's own strains,
And yet I love Thee !—Father set me free !

Yet 'tis enough !—O Father,—Spirit,—Son,
Thou art enough, both now and evermore :
Come when Thou wilt,—Thy holy will be done,
And when Thou wilt, eternal day-light pour.



VESPER HYMN.

From the Latin of St. Gregory.

O LORD of light ! Thou who didst lead the day,
In glory o'er the new-created earth ;
Thou who sent forth the sun's refulgent ray,
And called, in beauty, each young floweret forth.

Past are the hours that link the morn to eve ;
And night approaches with her shadowy train ;
To Thee, O Father ! still our spirits cleave,
And breathe to Thee our Vesper prayer again.

This load of sin,—O let it not exile
Our hearts from Thee, and from Thy song of praise :
But let the blessing of a Saviour's smile,
Our soul from self, and earthly passions raise.

Heavenward, still heavenward, may our spirits press,
For there our treasure is enshrined in Thee ;
Oh ! take away all our unrighteousness,
And make each child of Thy salvation free.

Praises to Thee, O Father, evermore,
And equal praises be unto the Son ;
Thee, Holy Spirit, likewise we adore,
And glorify th' eternal Three in One.



HYMN.

From the Latin.

SINCE the earth in beauty rose,
At Thy living word of might,
Thou hast been the Fount whence flows
Every streamlet of delight.

Hope,—a bright refulgent tide ;
Faith,—a calm and shoreless river ;
Love,—whose waters shall abide,
Fathomless and pure for ever.

When we fold our weary wing,
In one Sabbath of repose ;
We shall taste of Thee, the Spring,
Whence each holy blessing flows.

Worn with toil we scatter here
Seeds of sorrow and distress ;
There we reap in golden ear
Fruits of Jesus' righteousness.

Great Jehovah ! Three in One,
Give us gifts, Thyself the best ;
Make us holy in the Son,
Bless us, and we shall be blest.



MORNING HYMN.

From the Latin of St. Ambrose.

NOW at the dawn of early day,
While golden sunlight drinks the dew,
Lord ! we, Thy children, humbly pray,
That grace,—Thy grace, each morning new,
May, in a stream of light divine,
Upon our daily pathway shine.

Oh, keep our lips from words of sin,
And keep our hands from evil stain,
And sanctify a shrine within,
That o'er each thought Thy truth may reign ;
And love within our hearts be set,
A jewel from Thy coronet.

And, as the hours of daylight roll,
Near us, our Saviour, may'st Thou be ;
Keeping Thy vigil o'er our soul,
A stronger than the enemy :
O'er every feeling, every sense,
Extend a hallowed influence.

Dear Lord ! subservient to Thy praise,
Be every duty, every toil ;
If any harvest we would raise,
Thyself must fructify the soil :
The root, the blossom, Thine alone ;
Lord ! take the fruit, it is Thine own.

Our hearts are carnal we confess ;
But if Thine image Thou retrace,
The haughty thought Thou wilt repress,
And raise and purify the base.
How sweet, O Lord ! if blest by Thee,
The cup, the scrip of poverty.

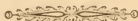
Be Thou, our Father, glorified,
For endless praise is due to Thee !
And glory be to Him who died,
And captive led captivity :
And everlasting praises sweet,
Be unto Thee, Great Paraclete.



INNOCENT'S DAY.

Hymn from the Latin.

HAIL ! ye lovely, early flowers,
Of salvation's dawning hours !
Rose-buds of the Saviour's crown,
By the scythe of death cut down !
Lambs appointed for the death !
Firstlings of our precious faith !
With the palm, the crown, and song,
Ye have joined salvation's throng.
Yet is guarded Jesse's Stem,
From the sword of Bethlehem !
Sheath the brand !—the work is done,
And is spared the Virgin's Son !
Thus of old, when slaughter fell
On the babes of Israel,
One was spared who saw from far,
Zion's King, and Jacob's Star !
To the Branch of Jesse's Stem,
To the Babe of Bethlehem,
To the Godhead we will raise,
Songs of glory and of praise !



LENT.

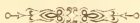
'TIS not the season for the festal board,
Not for the wine-cup, or the minstrel's tone ;
But to hold watch with Thee,—dear tempted Lord,
In the dark desert, friendless, and alone.

Where are Thy glory and creative might ?
Where is Thy Kingly and eternal power ?
Thou hast put off Thy radiance and Thy light,
To wrestle with the foe in Satan's hour.

Day after day, the fervid suns decline,
Night after night, the heavy dews descend ;
Rest is for every weary brow but Thine,
Dear lonely One,—the tempted sinner's Friend.

To cool Thy parchéd lip, no gushing rill,
No bread Thy mortal hunger to assuage :
But Thou wast willing and obedient still,
The bitter warfare—yet prolonged, to wage.

Dear tempted Friend of sinners ! even here
Our pledge of conquest over sin we bless ;
Friend of the tempted ! we in faith draw near,
To commune with Thee in the wilderness.



VESPERTIDE.

GOD'S children love the Vespertide !
They love the hush of day,
When sunlight from the mountain side,
Steals soft and calm away ;—
Then they for whom the Saviour died,
Do lowly bend and pray !

God's children love the daylight's close,
When evening dews distil :—
Then comes the breath of Sharon's rose,
From Carmel's holy hill !
Then Shiloh's brook serenely flows ;—
Then gushes Kedron's rill !

At Vespertide the sacred Dove
Spreads soft His silvery wings,
And whispered messages of love
To God's elect He brings ;—
Their sighs and prayers He wafts above,
And holy communings.

Then burns the lamp of God's own Word,
Lit with the Spirit's flame ;
And souls discern their risen Lord,
Beneath a *Brother's* name :—
And thoughts of tenderness are stirred
In the believer's frame.

God's children love the Vespertide ;
They love the hush of even,
When they for whom a Saviour died,
Hold communings with heaven :—
Lord ! to Thy children far and wide,
O let this love be given !



THE LAMB OF GOD.

“Behold the Lamb of God.”—John i. 29.

AMIDST my gladness and my tears,
Amidst my hopes, my doubts, my fears,
Amidst temptation's dark array,
One passage is my spirit's stay,—
“Behold the Lamb of God !”

Oh ! who can read that blissful word,
And not look upward to their Lord,
And, in that one bright view, declare
I am to heavenly bliss an heir,
Through Christ “the Lamb of God” ?

Oh ! who can feel the weight of sin,
And nurture grief and doubt within,
Or fold the sackcloth o'er the breast,
When once the spirit hath confest,
“Behold the Lamb of God” ?

Oh ! who the ways of sin can love,
And who, in worldly paths can rove,
And who can sing the songs of earth,
Since once the message hath gone forth,
“ Behold the Lamb of God ” ?

Oh ! who can dread the hour of pain,
Or hate the grave’s mysterious reign,
Or say of death, “ Its sting I fear,”
Since he hath seen approaching near
The Lamb—“ the Lamb of God ” ?

Oh ! who can shrink in dark dismay,
From terrors of the judgment day,
And not look upwards to the throne,
And see an Advocate thereon,
The Christ,—“ the Lamb of God ” ?

Oh ! who can join the heavenly choir,
And tune to harmony his lyre,
Unless he learn, on earth, the strain,
Of “ Glory to the Lamb once slain,”
The Lamb,—“ the Lamb of God ” ?



CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

“Suffer little children to come unto me.”—Matt. xix. 14.

THIS sweet to think of those
Whom Christ my Saviour blest :—
And I may now, like them, repose,
Upon that Saviour's breast ;
For He is calling to His fold,
All little children as of old.

Not more secure are they,
Who in His presence were,
Than such as now His call obey,
And come to Him in prayer :
His arms are spread,—His voice of love
Sends blessings from His throne above.

As ready now to hear,
As gentle and as good,
As when a Pilgrim in this sphere,
Amongst His own He stood,
Healing the sick, and pitying all,
Who on His name in faith did call.

Jesus ! I come to Thee,
A blessing to receive ;
I would that this Thy blessing be,
A spirit to believe :—
Then shall I lean upon Thy breast,
With those whom Thou of old hast blest.



THE SURE REFUGE.

“Trust in Him at all times.”—Psalm lxii. 8.

OH ! I know the hand that is guiding me,
Through the shadow to the light ;
And I know that all betiding me
Is meted out aright.
I know that the thorny path I tread
Is ruled with a golden line ;
And I know that the darker life's tangled thread,
The brighter the rich design.

When faints and fails each wilderness hope,
And the lamp of faith burns dim,
Oh ! I know where to find the honey drop—
On the bitter chalice brim.

For I see, though veiled from my mortal sight,
God's plan is all complete ;
Though the darkness at present be not light,
And the bitter be not sweet.

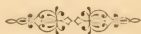
I can wait till the day-spring shall overflow
The night of pain and care ;
For I know there's a blessing for every woe,
A promise for every prayer.
Yes, I feel that the Hand which is holding me,
Will ever hold me fast ;
And the strength of the Arms that are folding me,
Will keep me to the last.



THE LAMP OF FAITH.

“And thou shalt command the children of Israel, that they bring thee pure oil olive beaten for the light, to cause the lamp to burn always.”—Exodus xxvii. 20.

DOTH our lamp of faith burn pale ?
Trembling, flickering, gleam its light ?
Seems its bowl of oil to fail,
Midst the shadows of our night ?
Bear we then our empty urn,—
On uplifted hands of prayer,
If perchance the Lord will turn
New supplies in bounty there !
May the Holy Spirit pour
Purest Oil of Olive, prest
From the trees that shadow o’er,
Ancient Olivet’s calm crest !
Where the Saviour wept and prayed,
There the olive knows no blight ;
Nourished thus shall never fade,
Lamp of faith, thy tranquil light.



BUILDING OF CHURCHES.

LOVELY and beloved, O Lord,
Be the temples which we raise ;
Where Thy saints in sweet accord,
Chant Thy glory and Thy praise :
Lovely and beloved, yet more,
Be the Saviour we adore !

O'er this altar's hallowed shrine,
Spread Thy wing, O Holy Dove ;
Make Thy sacraments the sign,
Of Thy grace, and boundless love :
Here, O Christ, Thy saints be fed,
With the living wine and bread.

Lift our feeble hands in prayer,
Tune our languid tongues to sing :
Let the tribute which we bear,
Be no vile or worthless thing ;
Pure and hallowed let it be,
Through all righteousness in Thee.

Let a coal of living flame,
From Thy altar's holy place,
Burn the Saviour's precious name
On the lips that publish grace ;
And the fire of love impart,
To the shrine of every heart.

GETHSEMANE.

“Could ye not watch with me one hour.”—Matt. xxvi. 40.

CAN we not keep one watch with Thee,
Dear Saviour ! in Thy conflict's hour ?
Can we not kneel, Gethsemane,
One watch within thy olive bower ?
For one brief hour refuse to count
The tears from love's unfathomed fount ;
And listen to the struggling sigh
That marked Thy speechless agony ?

O garden washed by Kedron's stream ! —
How many a seraph, winging by,
Staid, and looked down with tearful beam,
Dear Sufferer, on Thy agony !
Yet they whose frame Thou deignest to bear,
Refuse their sympathetic share ;
And, sunk in sleep's oblivious power,
Forbear to watch with Thee one hour.

The very dews as they distil,
Mix with Thy tear-drop's bitter flow,
The very murmurs of the rill
Respond in sighing to Thy woe ;
The trembling of the olive's leaf
Seems all in concert with Thy grief,
Yet mortals slumber,—and forego
To taste Thy cup of mortal woe.

For whom was mixed that cup of woe,
Which might not, could not pass away ?
For whom those heavy blood-drops flow
Where agonized the Saviour lay ?
For us poor slumberers,—whose dull eyes
Grow weary midst His agonies :
For us,—whose whole of mortal power
Unable is to watch one hour.

Oh Saviour ! plead for us again,
As once Thou pleaded for Thine own :—
Our spirit willing is,—and fain
Would watch,—the flesh is weak alone.
Why are we troubled and afraid ?
Our weakness on the strong is laid ;
So may our spirits watch with Thee,
Dear Lord, in dark Gethsemane !



WHAT THEN ?

WHAT then ? Why then another pilgrim song ;
And then a hush of rest divinely granted ;
And then a thirsty stage (Ah me, so long !)
And then a brook, just where it most is wanted.

What then ? The pitching of the evening tent ;
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny ;
And then some sweet and tender message, sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then ? The wailing of the midnight wind ;
A feverish sleep ; a heart oppressed and aching ;
And then a little water-cruise to find
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then ? I am not careful to enquire ;
I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrow ;
And then, a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
And saying, "*I will answer for the morrow.*"

What then ? For all my sins His pardoning grace ;
For all my wants and woes His loving-kindness ;
For darkest shades, the shining of God's face ;
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then ? A shadowy valley, lone and dim ;
And then a deep and darkly rolling river ;
And then a flood of light—a seraph hymn—
And God's own smile for ever and for ever !



THE FOLLOWING LINES, THE AUTHOR'S LAST, WERE DICTATED BY HER AFTER A DAY OF INTENSE SUFFERING.

O H Saviour ! I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath, or heaven above ;
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy *exceeding* love.

The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great,—but quickly o'er ;
The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore !



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